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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Observer.]

GLEANINGS AND REFECTIONS IN THE GREAT VALLEY.

BY REV. DR HUMPHREY.

The Great Valley—the Great Valley!—'And who,' quoth the first man that happens to cast his eye upon this article, 'who that can sharpen a goose quill, or pay for a steel pen, has not indited his marvels about the Great Valley, till the slightest allusion to it, makes every body feel qualmish?' But still, it is a very great Valley; and is beyond all question, to exert a mighty influence upon the destinies of this great nation, if not upon the world. Your first impression when you have got fairly into it, is that of vastness. It seems as if it were illimitable, so that even by the help of steam, you can hardly hope ever to get out of it. And you can never get the right feeling, by merely looking at the map. You must glide over its waters, day after day, and week after week—you must traverse its vast prairies and wildernesses, till even imagination tires, and then be told, that you have hardly entered upon your journey, before you can take in the idea. Every thing is on a gigantic scale; its rivers—its forests—its natural parks—its prairies—its corn fields—its alligators—its rattlesnakes—and its musquitoes. These last, it is said, in Missouri and Illinois, they do not allow to bite at all, till they are three years old. I think, however, there must be some mistake about it; or if there is such a law, it is not very rigidly enforced. Whether they have ever got together, and voted to trample upon the law, like some other blood suckers of a larger growth, in one of the New England States, I did not learn—but rather think, from my own observation and experience, that they have the good sense, to content themselves with biting slyly, wherever they can get a chance.

AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL RESOURCES.

I doubt whether these have ever been overrated, either by the most enthusiastic resident, or traveller. It would hardly be safe, for any man, east of the mountains, who wishes to be thought sane and strictly veracious by his neighbors, to come back and speak of the depth and blackness of the soil, I will not say upon the alluvial bottoms, merely, but upon the upland openings and prairies. I do not mean by this remark to represent, that there is no poor land at the west. It would be easy, no doubt, to find considerable tracts, or smaller patches of thin soil, in all the states. But in general, it is exceedingly rich and productive. When they tell you that nothing is more common than to find it from two to four feet deep, you can hardly credit the statement till you see it actually turned up by the spade to satisfy your incredulity. They use no manure, even where their farms have been under cultivation for a long time; and they will tell you, that the land is rich enough without it. In some cases, corn or wheat is raised for five, or ten years, perhaps longer, on the same field, without allowing it to rest at all, or giving it any relief, by a rotation of crops. But this is bad husbandry, any where. Although nobody who sees it can doubt the extraordinary capabilities of the soil, nor deny, that in its virgin state it will 'bring forth by handfuls,' without any other quickening aid than the rain and the sunshine, still it wants, and would be grateful for an occasional dressing from the barn yard. In looking at more than one field of timothy, in Illinois, I could see the difference as plainly, where the cattle had been, as in one of our own meadows. The grass was much ranker and darker, than where no manure had fallen. And here I will venture to express my belief, that no soil in the world is so rich, as to retain its primeval fecundity, for a long series of years, without the aid of some kind of manure. However deep and inexhaustible its natural fertility may be, it gradually loses its leaven, if I may be indulged in the expression, and must have something to warm and raise and pulverize it—something to develope the latent vivifying principle, whatever that may be, and restore to it the energy, which time and over action, are sure, sooner or later, to exhaust.

In travelling through Illinois, from Quincy to Springfield, and thence to Chicago, by the way of Peoria and Ottawa, I did not notice a single swamp large or small; and I cannot recollect, that I saw an acre of really waste land in any one place. But suppose the whole state to contain a million of acres of such land, there are then no less than thirty-seven millions fit for cultivation; and by far the greater part of it, of the very best quality. I have not a single doubt, that Illinois, alone, is capable of sustaining a population of twenty millions. Forty five bushels of corn to the acre, is less than an average crop; and with better cultivation it might easily be increased twenty per cent. Put fifteen millions of acres into corn, and then multiply it by forty five, and see what it will amount to. Put ten millions more into wheat, and estimate the average product at the very moderate quantity of twenty bushels to the acre, and it gives you 200,000,000 of bushels per annum. Then you have thirteen millions of acres left for rye, barley, hemp, farinaceous roots, grass, timber, &c. Would it be strange, if before the thousand years of the millenium shall have half rolled away, Illinois, with such an extent of territory, and such a soil, should feed and clothe 30,000,000 of people? Missouri is nearly as large as Illinois, and supposing the curse of slavery to be removed, (as I am sure it will be,) is probably capable of sustaining nearly as dense a population. And then, there are all the other great and fertile states of the valley, besides the immense unexplored regions, perhaps epually feitile, upon the tributaries, and about the sources of the Missouri and the Mississippi.

One of the reflections which forced itself upon my mind in travelling through a little of the west, and having before my eyes, from day to day, proofs of its extraordinary fertility, and of the little labor which it requires to procure a redundance of food, was, that these immense regions were intended and reserved chiefly for the millennium. The land is far too good for man, with those indolent and depraved propensities in full strength, by which he has been hitherto governed. Indeed, the two greatest objections to the west, in my judgment, are, that the land is too cheap and too productive. Taking human nature as it is, however industrious and virtuous emigrants from the scanty and rugged soil of New England may be, they must in general, without a miracle to prevent it, degenerate, when planted down upon the fat valleys of the Sciota, the Wabash, or the Illinois, where it is said you may go out any night of the summer, and by putting your ear down close to the ground, hear the large potatoes grumbling at the little ones, and ordering them to move out of the way, and not crowd so. It is a law of our lapsed nature, not to work if we can help it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons will throw off just about as much of the primitive curse as they can. If the labor of five days in a week is sufficient to support them, they will not work six. If they can live upon the produce of two days it is in vain to expect them to work three; and if they could subsist comfortably in any other way, they would not work at all. Where the laziness of the boy has been counteracted by early habits of industry, and the man has spent many of the best years of his life in hard labor, under that iron handed task master necessity, he may carry his habits along with him, and continue to moisten the soil with the sweat of his brow, from the mere love of action and regular employment. But I was told over and over again, when I was passing over those rich lands of promise, that after a while, the great majority of the Yankees, as they call them, who had been most laborious at the east, relax and fall into the habits of their neighbors. Now if this is the case, even with the fathers, what can we expect from their children, but that they will be just as lazy as they can be—that is, as the soil and climate will allow; and if idle, then vicious, almost as a matter of course—for there never was a truer saying than that of 'the ancients,' that 'an idle man's brain is the devil's workshop!'

What then is the actual condition of a farmer, who goes out with moderate means from Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and settles down upon a good section of land, wood and prairie, in Illinois? The first thing is, to fence as much of the prairie as he wants for immediate cultivation. The next is, to plough it; which, if he does not happen yet to have a sufficient team of his own, he can hire done for two dollars and a half or three dollars an acre. To enable him to get a crop of corn the first summer, he has only to follow the plough, and drop the seed into every third furrow, to give him from fifteen to twenty five bushels the acre, without going into the field again till harvest time. I saw a great deal of corn, as I passed along, thus springing up between the furrows. The ploughing, however, must be delayed till the grass is quite green, otherwise it will turn and spring up through the sod, and you will lose your labor. The breaking up requires three or four strong yoke of oxen, and is done in this wise. The beam of the plough is framed into an axle, and so guaged as to cut a furrow about eighteen inches wide and four inches deep. The wheel that runs in the furrow is four inches larger in diameter than the other, so as to keep the bottom of the plough perfectly flat. Thus prepared and once put in motion, it requires no one to hold it, except where the sward is very deep and tough. I noticed one plough at least, going without hands, and I never saw a handsomer furrow cut in my life. It takes about two years for the turf to become thoroughly pulverised, and then the land is tilled with as much ease as if it had been under cultivation a hundred years. One man, with two horses, will take care of forty acres of corn, as it requires no hoeing, and if the season is favorable it will yield him 2 000 bushels. With this he can fatten a great many swine, besides feeding a large stock of cattle through the winter. Wheat and all other grains may be raised with about the same case.

The open prairies serve him both for pasturage and mowing, and the less he owns the better; because large tracts will for a long time remain in common field, which he can have the use of, without paying taxes. A friend of mine has planted himself down on the margin of one of these prairies, where, as he told me, he could fatten five hundred or five thousand cattle if he had them. The young prairie grass is said to be exceedingly nutritious; and I am sure I never saw cattle look finer in any of our white clover pastures.

Now from this brief statement it must be obvious to every one, that a farmer favorably located at the west, can support his family by one half or one third of the labor which it would cost him in New England, and what will the majority do with so much spare time? Is it at all likely that they will be as virtuous, as happy, or even as thriving, as if they were upon a poorer soil, and had to work every day? Suppose our Puritan fathers had found the inexhaustible bottoms of Illinois, instead of the sands of Cape Cod, and the iron bound shores of Massachusetts Bay, when they first landed on this continent? Who would ever have heard of New England as she is, and of her hardy and enterprising sons everywhere, both on the land and the ocean? The first generation might have in some good degree retained their stern and inflexible virtues; but how soon would their children have 'waxed fat and kicked, and forgotten the God that made them, and lightly esteemed the God of their salvation.'

This brings me back to the thought already thrown out, that the wise and beneficent Creator intended to reserve the deep and inexhaustible fertility of the west, chiefly for the millennium, when the high moral and religious principles of a vast population, will render it safe for them to be entrusted with such a territory. If I did not believe in that mighty renovation of the world, and that 'the time draweth near,' I should exceedingly regret that there is any such fruitful land to which our children can emigrate. But although 'the vision will certainly come, and will not tarry,' it will in the mean time require much greater efforts to keep up a healthful moral and religious tone in the great valley, than if its agricultural and mineral resources were less by one half or two thirds than they are.

From the very nature of the case, the mineral and fossil resources of any country are more slowly developed than its agricultural. The geological surveys of the great West, are as yet very imperfect. But, it is already well settled that there is coal enough to meet every demand that can be made down to the end of time; that it is spread thousands of square miles; and that it can be conveyed everywhere, with the greatest ease, by means of the 26.000 miles of steam navigation on the Mississippi and its numerous tributaries. Iron too, and lead, are both literally inexhaustible. It is doubtful whether there is a richer mineral region in the world than the southern half of Missouri. Its iron mountains are no fables, but solid matters of fact; and the time must come when the exportation of this most useful of all the metals will afford an immense income.

HISTORY OF NANTUCKET.

An illustration of the efficacy of pacific principles.

Our secretary, who visited this interesting island last spring, was presented with a copy of its history, by Obed Macy, from which we might, would our limits allow the slightest sketch, gather many facts to illustrate the safety and wisdom of a pacific policy.

The persecution of the Quakers led to the settlement of this island. Thomas Macy, having given shelter in his house at Salisbury Mass., to four Quakers for three quarters of an hour in a rain-storm, was compelled to seek among savages an asylum from the intolerance of our forefathers; and, in the autumn of 1659, he took his family, in an open boat, around Cape Cod to Nantucket, of which the patent-right had already been purchased by ten men belonging to Salisbury. These purchasers soon after associated with themselves ten more, and subsequently extended the shares to twenty-seven, by inviting seven mechanics to settle with them. This division of the island into twenty-seven shares, called commonage, continues to the present day, with a large number of subdivisions.

The whole history of Nantucket is curious and deeply interesting; but we are concerned mainly with the progress of its pacific policy. This policy did not originate with the Quakers; for they had no meeting or society there till half a century after the settlement of the island, and they were always formed only a small minority. The great body of the people have never adopted the strict principles of peace; but, influenced chiefly by their situation and employment, they have from the first, entertained 'a strong and almost universal opinion, that wars are wrong.' They suffered intensely from our last and the revolutionary war; but their well-known aversion to war has proved a far better shield to them than fleets and fortifications could have been. Exposed on all sides, without a single fort, arsenal, or military company, they have been left secure in their homes, and permitted to enjoy in war exemptions and privileges granted to no others. Nantucket, though utterly defenceless, was actually safer from plunder and conflagration 'than fortified seaports, or even many inland towns.'

Our militia system is entirely disregarded on this island. Nor is it found necessary for the enforcement of law, or any domestic or foreign purposes of government. The people, almost to a man, are opposed to its introduction; and no military organization of any kind has ever been attempted with any success. Public opinion executes law; and their pacific character is a surer guarantee against foreign invasion than a rampart bristling with cannon all around the island. This is not mere theory, but the actual result of experiments tried there for nearly two hundred years.

The book before us vividly illustrates the evils inseparable from war. Look at one of the slightest,—the enhancement of all the necessaries of life. Before the Revolution, molasses was 2s 6d per gallon, butter 10d per lb. wheat 6s per bushel, and wood 14s per cord; but the prices rose at once to 13s for molasses, 5s 7 1-2d for butter, £7 per cwt, for flour, and £5 12s 6d for wood. The suffering of the people from want and anxiety were extreme; but we have no room for the details.

We commend the following remarks of our author to the attention of those who seem unable to conceive any other means than the sword of resisting oppression and vindicating our rights.

'If we could justify any war, it would be that of the Revolution. Repeated injuries were heaped upon the colonists, which, we allow, it was their duty to notice, in a firm and decided manner. Respecting, as we do, and that most sincerely, the rights of man, we have little sympathy with those who supinely submit to unprovoked injuries. In the dignity of Christian charity we bear and forbear, but our endurance then is a defence which even tyranny will eventually respect. To feel an injury, and revenge it, are very different things: the highest merit of forbearance consists in the keenest sense of wrong. While, then, we would bear testimony against all wars, and every species of violence between man and man, we would encourage all to defend their social and individual rights, to cherish self-respect, and maintain their independence; and we believe that there are ample means for this purpose, without resort to blood, and that wars and fightings are the causes, rather than the remedies of oppression. A course of proceeding which throws two nations into mourning over the harm which they have reciprocally done to each other, seems a strange way of deciding between right and wrong. Let the consequences of war be considered apart from the vain glory and martial equipments, and mighty enterprises, and great talents, and enthusiastic excitement, which are associated with it; let plunder, and rapine, and death; let ghastly wounds, mutilated limbs, loathsome disease, and famine and poverty; let the widow, the childless, the orphan; let the crimes of lawless passion, and the permanent injury to moral and Christian virtues be considered, and who will say that wars are the best means, nay, who will say that they should ever be resorted to, for the purpose of deciding a national dispute?

AN INCIDENT.

The following passage occurs in the recently published memoirs of Mrs Hemans:

'It was about this time that a circumstance occured, by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience with such urgent importunity that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman, (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be,) explained in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of The Sceptic he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to 'search the Scriptures.' Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrolable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility.'

(From 'The Lecturess.')

When Marian returned from the lecture that evening, she found her mother alone; she hastily glanced round the room, but him she sought was not there.

'Mr Forrester has retired,' said Mrs Gayland, as if in reply to the look.

Marian made no answer, but hastened to her chamber. Mr Forrester was there, reading. He looked up from his book when she entered, for one moment, then continued his occupation. His wife spoke to him; he answered her mildly and, politely, but made no remark in return. Marian loved her husband, and felt cut to the soul by his coldness; and had it not been for her indomitable pride, she would have thrown her arms about him, and confessed her sorrow for paining him. For a moment there was a struggle between affection and pride; the latter unhappily conquered; she turned away, with a swelling heart, and sought her pillow, hoping that the morning would restore them to their usual state of harmony. Had Mr Forrester rightly understood his wife's character, it would have done so; had he met her the next morning with his usual smile, he would have secured her grateful compliance forever after. But, falling into the error so common to husbands, that it is essential to their dignity to manifest their displeasure in as strong a light as possible, his manner, (though foreign to his feelings) continued cold and forbidding during breakfast; and, at length, in answer to a sneering demand 'if she were going to lecture again that evening,' he received a decided affirmative. The word was spoken, and spoken too before servants; it was impossible to recall it. After a day spent in tears, she again attended the lecture in the evening. And this she continued for six weeks. Notwithstanding the entreaties of her mother and Sophia, Marian, night after night, pale as the dead, would repair to the lecture-room, and after sitting there an hour, scarcely hearing a word that was spoken, she would return to her once happy home, and spend the night in sleepless misery.

At length, at the repeated instigation of his wife, Edward interceded with William, begging him to make some little concession, representing to him that he was ruining his own happiness, and that of his wife. In vain! William felt that the concession was due *to* him, not *from* him. All that he would promise was to write to Marian, which he accordingly did. When Marian returned that evening, she found the following letter upon her toilet table. Her feelings upon perusal may only be imagined by those who have been placed in similar situations—affection and repentance struggling in her mind against pride and self-will.

'Mrs Forrester:

'Madam,—Will you allow me to occupy a few moments of your time to peruse some statement which I feel myself called upon to make. It is now something more than one year since, yielding to my repeated entreaties, you became my wife. While I acknowledge the folly of those entreaties, let me also express my gratitude for the year of happiness you have bestowed upon me. I do thank you, and now resign myself to my lot. Perhaps my happiness has been as long as that of most men; and I ought not complain. I certainly *had* no right to expect love from you. I ought to have rested satisfied with the first refusal of my hand. I ought, but I did not. I was weak enough to imagine that such love as mine was worth some little sacrifice; that, after acquainting you with my opinions upon certain subjects, you would comply with them; as it was my unalterable determination to make up for whatever sacrifice of feeling such compliance called for, by unremitting kindness and attention to your wishes upon all other subjects. I was wrong, all wrong, as I am now convinced, alas! too late. It now only remains with us to make the best of our lot. Convinced, as I now am, of the impossibility of your bestowing your affection upon me, I have still sufficient regard for your welfare and the opinion of the world to wish to live upon amicable terms; but I will not countenance such proceedings as those in which you have been latterly engaged. I will not live under the same roof with a woman so utterly regardless of the propriety of her sex. Either you must relinquish all communication with lecturesses and their lectures, or we must separate. The decision remains with yourself. I did hope that my love; my compliance with all your wishes; the advice of your excellent mother; and, more than all, the example of your lovely friend, Mrs. Greene, might have made you a little more reasonable. I did hope that a constant intercourse with Sophia, so lovely in the fulfilment of her duties, and a view of how richly her gentle compliance with the reasonable wishes of her husband are repaid by that husband's untiring devotion,—I did hope that it might have won you to like conduct; that you might have relinquished the absurd, the unfeminine opinions, which I am sorry to see you continue in, more, I am convinced, from a spirit of obstinacy than any thing else. However, it is useless for me to expend my words upon so unpleasant a subject. I have come to a determination from which I shall never swerve; but I will concede one point. If you wisely agree to my arrangement, I will not ask any answer,—your conduct will be sufficient answer,—and I will never again broach the subject, but endeavor as far as possible to forget it.'

Marian concluded the letter, and immediately wrote the following in reply:

'I shall *obey* your *commands* for the present, as Mrs.—— has finished her course of lectures. She will dine here to-morrow before leaving town. 'Marian.'

This she sent by a servant to her husband. Nothing could have been more injudicious than Mr. Forrester's letter to his wife. Marian was a proud high-spirited woman, but still a woman; and, despite herself, possessed of all the warm, gushing feelings, the clinging affections of her sex. Her love for her husband was as sincere, though not so self-denying, as that of Sophia for her husband. Marian would have shared sorrow and misfortune with, and for her husband, not only willingly, but cheerfully; she would have borne poverty or adversity, of whatever nature, uncomplainingly for his sake; yet she could not make a sacrifice of a cherished opinion, infringing her right to think and act for herself. The subject of woman's rights was one upon which she was peculiarly sensitive, making her jealously suspicious of any interference from her husband. I do not make these remarks in order to screen Marian from the censure which her conduct unquestionably calls for, but to show wherein Mr. Forrester failed. Most probably, had he assumed a milder course, his chance of success had been greater. All must at once condemn this unyielding self-will of Marian, as not only unbecoming in a woman towards a truly kind and attached husband, but as the height of ingratitude. Still I cannot but think Mr. Forrester's conduct exceedingly injudicious. Had he, when his wife returned the first evening from lecture, mildly represented to her, while her heart was softened by regret for the pain she had given him—had he then represented to her the unhappiness which her disregard of his requests had caused him, she would have yielded, and all would have been well. Instead of which, his continual coldness and stateliness of manner, by arousing all the inherent pride of her nature, determined her to an obstinate warfare, rather than yield an iota of her dignity. Thus resolved, the approaches toward a reconciliation, which she would have welcomed with joy, and answered to unhesitatingly if made sooner, were, when they did come, treated with contempt.

After Marian had sent her answer to her husband's letter, she remained in a state of nervous impatience to know the effect it produced. She was not long allowed to remain in suspense.

Mr. Forrester took his breakfast the next morning in his study, and immediately after went out on horseback, and did not return till evening. Marian received and entertained Mrs.——, and after dinner bade her farewell, with a secret hope that she might never see her again. She hoped that, the cause of disagreement once effectually removed, the peace and happiness of their home, previous to her acquaintance with Mrs.——, might be restored to them. She looked forward to her husband's return, resolving to meet him in such a manner as to do away the impression which her conduct had left upon his mind; but unfortunately she had not an opportunity for putting her resolution in opperation. Mr. Forrester did not return till late, and immediately retired to his study. The next day he pursued the same course, and the next. In short, every hope of a reconciliation died from Marian's mind; every vestige of former happiness seemed gone forever. Months passed away, and she never saw her husband, excepting when they accidentally met upon the stairs or in the passage. Marian, now really repentant, and desirous of making every reparation in her power, had no opportunity. Her health was evidently suffering from the state of nervous irritation in which she lived.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

(*Concluded*)

But you say, Who is sufficient for these things? God. I counsel you not to go in your own strength. Go in the strength of an almighty arm and you will be sustained. You have no talents, you cannot speak, you cannot write, you cannot be of service as a minister in any way. I rejoice that you say so. Then you have not that pride which will destroy your usefulness. Then you do not rely upon your own powers, which would be but a broken reed. But think not too meanly of yourself. He who made you and who has thus far kept you will not disdain to use you as the instrument to do his will. Be not so humble as to reproach your Maker by despising the gifts with which he has endowed you. Remember that his greatest prophets were thus diffident of their own powers. Ask of him aid with a sincere desire to use it for his glory and he will give it.

The responsibility of the office is so great, you say, that I dare not undertake it. But the responsibility of any station is great. You cannot avoid responsibility go where you may. The responsibility of refusing to enter upon the office is also great. Christ says unto you, Come and work in my vineyard. I dare not, you reply, for fear of injuring the vines. So you refuse to work and suffer the vines to perish by neglect because there would be a responsibility in laboring upon them. But are you not responsible for your indolence? Must you not answer for the injury done to the vineyard by your neglect?

Perhaps you say you have not means to obtain the proper education. This is no reason at all why you should not obtain it. Make known your desire to enter upon a course of study for the ministry and your inability to do it, and the means would soon be found. God himself will provide a way.

I entreat you by your love to your Father and to your Redeemer, by your interest in the well-being of mankind, and by the consideration of the last judgment day. I entreat you to weigh the matter well; and before you decide, I beg of you to consider the miserable condition of the world perishing for lack of the Gospel, the great deficiency, in our denomination especially, of preachers of the word, the awful consequences which you may expect if you bury your Lord's treasure in a napkin, the glory which will attend those that turn many unto righteousness, the numberless proofs which God has given you of his infinite love, and the consequent obligations you are under to devote your powers to his service. I beg you to reflect upon these things and sincerely to seek the guidance of your Heavenly Father, before you determine you will give yourself to the pursuit of any secular calling whatever.

But perhaps some youth who reads these lines, says, I shall not be a minister for I am not good enough. A minister ought to be 'a pious man.' So should every man. A minister is not bound to serve God, while other men are absolved from the service. You cannot escape unpunished for your sins because you have not taken upon yourself the sacred office. But if by this excuse you mean that you are indifferent to religion and care not whether the gospel be preached or not, then indeed my heart yearns over you in pity. What profession shall you take indeed? It is no matter which, for take which you will they lead you to the same end. Let the man who is indifferent to religion be of what profession he may, he is going to his account unprepared; and he may about as well be condemned for unfaithfulness in one as in another. If this be the meaning of your excuse for not entering on the ministry, then I beseech you to arouse from your indifference. What! indifferent to all the pleasures of virtue and the miseries of vice? indifferent to all the messages of love and mercy which God is making to you? counting the blood of Jesus himself an unholy thing? careless of all the threatenings of God's law? indifferent whether you are doomed to everlasting punishment or called into life eternal? No wonder that you care not whether the gospel be spread or not. If you feel not the peril of your own soul as you thus waste your time of probation, we cannot expect you to feel for the condition of others who are perishing like yourself. But, O dear youth awake. Give heed to the admonitions sounding daily in your ears, consider your ways and be wise. And we may, if you at once arouse to the examination of your own condition, we may yet see even you a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus with many souls as the seals of your ministry and the crowns of your rejoicing in the day of account.

May God grant we may never see you going at death to His bar with the same thoughtless indifference with which you now treat the mention of the judgment day. E. N. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'Charity never faileth.'—*Paul.*

Dec. 15*th*, 1839. I am no enemy to foreign missions, but when I see people spending thousands to further the cause of Christianity abroad, I do wonder, that they should be unwilling to spend *hundreds* to defend it at home. We are very far sighted in matters of religion; clearly, do we perceive, and readily do we satisfy, the needs of those, divided from us by some thousands of foaming waves, but crime, profanity, and destitution cross our very path, and we hurry blindly over them, little dreaming that in a land where we have dwelt in luxury and hope, others can be struggling with misery and despair. I question if on the banks of the Ganges, or mid the coralwreaths of the Sandwich Islands, can be found, hearts more cold, or hands more niggard, than those which during the late, perhaps, I should say, the *present* prevalence of contagion in our city, refused shelter to a female sufferer, who, exposed to the mercy of the elements, wandered from street to street, in search of sympathy and aid, till she sank down and died! We have read of those who cast out lepers from their cities—gathering the tidings of their death, only from the non-consumption of the food, with which they were accustomed to supply them, and leaving their bodies to decay beneath the open sky, their bones to whiten in the noon-day glare. We have read of these things, I say, and shuddered, as we mused upon the wretchedness of these exiles, from scenes, hallowed by early love, and cherished associations. But even here, suffering was palliated by sympathy, while *she*, the victim of ungenerous fear, met trial, disease and death *alone!* Oh! there is a loneliness of heart, which leaves us not, even when life is at its zenith, when friends are gathering about us, with voices of love, and smiles of gladness. How much such loneliness may be aggravated by the absence of these, it behooves humanity to remember. And this has really happened, it is no fictitious tale, decked with the ornaments of a pathetically graceful pen, intended to draw tears from the dark eye of beauty, to curdle the blood in

the fond lover's heart, while the warm breath of his beloved one, is yet playing on his cheek, or to sadden the uplifted brow of innocence, it is truth, it has happened in this very town, beneath my own windows, yet, I sit quietly in my chair, and *wonder!* What matters it—surely, we are not to blame, we, who are sending to savages that disdain our ignoble faults, the means of salvation; we, who are proffering to a people a thousand miles distant, the full and gracious promises of the Savior,—oh! not upon us, are such omissions to be charged! Again, I ask, if a single, indignant cry, shall not be sent up from the public heart, and shall echo remurmur—'if?' Nor is this all,—Among the more juvenile portion of our community, there exists a strong dislike to, I had almost said an inveterate hatred of,—such descendants, of the Irish emigrants, who have built our railroads, and canals, who have borne the burdens which we could not bear, as are obliged to beg their bread, and this dislike or hatred, not unfrequently manifests itself in a guise at once startling and abhorrent to humanity. Would that some less partial pen than mine, might depict the mental and physical sufferings, inflicted by bold, *well-educated, well-bred American* boys, upon the young, the ignorant, the miserable Irish of both sexes. Would to heaven, that the community at large, might know somewhat, of the malignity, injustice and ill-will, which by some strange concatenation of events, have found their way into the hearts of very school boys; but these things, alas! are overlooked, we are in a perfect maze of self-gratulation, we assure ourselves, that in a civilized, enlightened land, like this—aught that is evil, cannot be, and here the matter rests. I hope it may be in the power of some one to assert, that our children are not encouraged in their illiberal course of conduct, by the prejudices of parents. It is not in mine. I cannot say that the young do not find excuses for their *crimes* in the *follies* of the more advanced—that every word, expressive of the hope, that the tide of emigration may be checked, falling from the lips of the latter, is not tortured into a fresh stimulus to evil on the part of the former. I believe that in the eyes of many, it is a sufficient crime that one be poor and Irish—no matter whether he be honest and independent. I should shudder to attempt a description of the wrongs, which *I have seen* inflicted upon this unoffending class. It needs not—the perpetrators were the children of a people, whose voice is breathing forth the religion of the Savior, the mission of purity, peace and love, in every quarter of the globe, from the glowing sands of Zahara, to the frozen shores of Iceland! Have they forgotten home? Are we like Alexander striving to conquer a world, ere we have learnt to conquer self? Have we learnt the use of our tongues, before we can appreciate the value of our consciences? I know that our home missionaries are doing much. I would only show, how much remains, not for public functionaries, but for each and all of us, to do. At the peril of life and health, men are laboring to pour light into the minds of those, who offer their infants to the river-god, and sacrifice their women to the manes of departed friends; at the peril of heart-sickness alone, many American children might be saved, from fates as much more to be dreaded than theirs, as is the utter annihilation of the soul, than the temporary decay of the body. We are striving to teach those who are ignorantly, oh! how much more deserving of pity are those who are wilfully led astray. Surely those who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and regular Christian worship, yet still wander from the path of right, have claims upon us, that the self-approving heathen cannot have while we trust to the promise of forgiveness, implied by our Savior in the words, 'But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes!' It is not a little singular that foreign missions have been almost entirely beneath the control of Calvinists, while the home missons, have been supported, I believe, entirely by Unitarians, be this as it may, the heart which trusts to the mercy—ay! to the justice of an Omniscient God, for the pardon of every *unconscious* offender, must feel that there are those within the reach of every woman's influence, who are more needy than the distant polytheists. It is difficult to believe that all those whom one meets in the intercourse of society, are gifted with hearts, that throb as woman's only can, so startling, so long continued are the appeals, which they have failed to answer. Contrast, presents the truth more vividly to the mind, than the most graphic delineation of the pen—and let her whose windows are darkened by the fall of luxurious drapery, whose overheated halls, and overloaded tables, prevent her from crediting the marvels she has heard of physical necessity, whose ears, habituated to tones as polished as those of the far famed 'Lillie'—have never listened to aught that could offend her delicacy or her reverence, walk through the streets of our city, with her eyes and ears open, and she will see what is wanted, she will feel that such a thing as spiritual poverty does exist, and that she who has not a para at her command, may yet be the dispenser of happiness and plenty. It is not money that is wanted, it is influence and example, preaching and practice, it is the diffusion of a moral atmosphere over our favored city, an atmosphere of love and charity, till all hearts pulsate in time and tune, till the asperities of life, are worn down by friction with the one principle, which like adamant, changes all, itself unchangeable, the principle of universal kindness. C. W. H.

BUCKMINSTER'S SERMONS.

It is now more than twenty-seven years since the death of the late Mr Buckminster, and yet notwithstanding this lapse of time and the many changes which society has undergone during this interval, he is yet freshly remembered among us, and his influence is yet extensively felt. Many, who are yet with us, trace back their first religious impressions to his preaching and the influence of his life and conversation, and speak of him with an interest and an enthusiasm which time makes only more deep and vivid. He was a man endowed to an extraordinary degree, with the qualifications necessary to make a powerful and impressive preacher of the gospel. His eloquence, imagination, taste and literary cultivation, were united with fervid religious sensibility and that humility which is the crowning excellence of the christian character: and to these rare gifts were superadded the advantages of a countenance highly expressive and full of sweetness, dignity and intelligence, and a voice whose rich, persuasive music found its way at once to the hearts of all who heard him. The sermons of such a man will of course, suffer greatly by being divorced from the countenance and voice of the speaker, and their great merit cannot be more conclusively shown than by the impression they make on those who have never heard them delivered. Although the standard of sermon-writing has been so much raised within the last thirty years, his sermons continue to hold their place in the very first class, inferior to none and approached by very few. They are deficient in none of the requisites of a good sermon. The style is rich, yet always within the limits of good taste. They are well freighted with thought but not so deep or abstruse as to be unfitted for popular use. The reason, the imagination and the heart are all addressed. They are deeply, infused, too, with the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, and flow evidently from a mind which had no other thought than that of performing the work assigned to him by his 'great Task-master in Heaven.'

Two volumes of Mr. Buckminster's sermons have been published, one in 1814 which has long been out of print, and one in 1829. The present edition comprises the contents of both those volumes, with some additions, consisting of some notices of the character of the author, illustrative notes and occasional discourses. Its type, paper and style of binding are in good taste, and do credit to the publishers. We should be sorry if the edition did not meet with a speedy sale, and should be inclined to regard it as an evidence of the decay of religious feeling among our people.—*Daily Advertiser.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Among the existing causes of religious indifference in the young, is an unhappy mode of imparting religious instruction. The child is to be made a believer. How shall he be won to truth and duty? How shall he be made to feel that his feeble, but growing powers, his narrow but enlarging perceptions, his capacity for virtue already felt,—that these shall strengthen and grow wider through eternity? The instruments are within the child himself. So readily, indeed, is this truth seized upon and identified, as it were, with all his serious thoughts, his little code of moral certainties, that it seems as if the Creator had formed a peculiar faculty for its reception. A child to whom clear and delightful impressions of Heaven had been imparted was seen weeping at the loss of a favorite canary's life, because she knew no happy future home, that the bird might enter. She shrunk from the idea of annihilation, even in a plaything. The child is not, naturally, disposed to doubt, cavil and deny. Indebted, as he is, for his forming notions, to persons about him, he takes with trust and artless simplicity whatever is offered him that is beautiful, amiable, or good. How soon does he learn to refer, for the reward of his struggles and conquests in self-sacrifice, to the future life; to look forward to a happy meeting with the kind and good who are waiting to welcome him to the city that has been imaged to him, under the figure of 'golden streets' and 'gates of pearl;' and to 'seas of fire,' as the dreaded portion of the guilty! Let the teacher see to it that his thoughts of the future be not all thus fanciful, and that right motives be brought to lead him in the upward, shining pathway, that shall, at last, realise his brighest hopes.

There are two opposite modes of inculcating moral truth, which may be designated as the attractive and repulsive. It may be so adapted to the wants the affections, the happiness of human nature, that it shall enter and fill and make glad the soul. It may be clothed in so rigid, forbidding and mysterious a garb, that the heart instinctively shrinks back and shudders at its approach. Great wrong, irretrievable injury has been done to thousands of susceptible, childlike tempers. Instead of being told of those moral excellences the loveliness of which might fascinate, and the strength of which might support them, they are presented with dry abstractions, unintelligible technicalities, or with absurdities in Theology that even the infant rejects or trembles at. When the child should be taught that religion is something that is to make him joyful, happy and good, he sees, in the cold, set manner in which it is always treated, effects exactly contrary to these. He learns, at last, but a sort of Sabbath day, funereal morality.

Instead of hearing the pleasing instruction daily brought forward, and in connection with every incident in the passing active affairs of life, he finds it mentioned only in the darker hours of adversity,—when death sets his seal upon a playmate, when the church-bell is tolling a solemn requiem to the departed, when the cloud hangs black and heavy, when the thunder shakes the earth's foundations, and the arrowy lightnings are quivering in the sky. Is it strange, then, that he associates religion with every thing that is gloomy, and strives to escape its mention, as a burden?

When the little girl found her melodious and lively bird dead, in its cage, with sorrow, and in simplicity, she went and asked her father, 'what made the bird die?' The reply was immediately given, God made it die, my child. That evening the mother found the child weeping and terrified at being left, alone. And she gave as the natural reason for her fear, that she knew God was with her when alone, and she feared He would kill her as he had the bird. She did not know, before, that God was ever cruel or unkind.' What other effect, could the unexplained answer of the parent be expected to produce on his tender-hearted and feeling child? Had he seized the opportunity to explain how all things die, how happy the virtuous are at death, and how merciful is the Deity in his most dreaded inflictions.—then, how differently, how inconceivably more justly, would the child have been affected!

We would have it taught that all the features of true religion are mild and serene, that its embassy is one of gentleness and love, that to the wicked its voice is fearful, but to the sinless always cheering, that it calls us to venerate, admire and adore, as well as be in awe: not that it banishes all social feeling from the breast it enters, and erects for itself a solitary throne among the ruins of our best emotions; not that it must imprison men in cloisters, or send them on toilsome pilgrimages; not that they must go clad in the ghostly drapery of the friar, and with all the inflexible determinedness of feature, that might befit a Jesuistical inquisitor. These things have passed away like those same dark monasteries, where darker deeds were smothered. The age of mitres and hierarchies, and monkish priesthoods is not with us. Let the child, then, be told of religious duty, as of something to be sought as his highest pleasure, to be thought upon and talked about in his happiest moments; let him see the consolation it gives to those who profess to have found its mercy; let him behold, in the kindling eye and the animated countenance, the interest that is felt when the subject is approached. Sepulchral tones, unmeaning, mutterings, are repulsive to childhood, and they become inseparably associated with the subject of which they are made the invariable accompaniments. The child's heart is not of stone that it must be pulverized, before its virtues can be known. Its springs of affection are always full; and though these may sometimes need, like Marah's bitter fountains, a purifying power, it never needs, like the rock in Moab, to be smitten and crushed, before these affections will gush freely forth. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

HOW TO LIVE. A Memoir of Mrs Catherine W. Watson.

It is an interesting and good little book. The subject was a sensible, pious and devoted woman. The sentiments expressed in her letters are generally just and of a tender and generous character. Her heart flowed with all the ardent and deep sensibilities of her sex, which fortunately for her peace turned towards religious hopes and objects. There are few contemplations more sad than that of an irreligious woman. Endued with such a depth and richness of sentiment, if she does not place, at least some portion of her affections, on things above—if she pours them all on the altars of time, and makes to herself Gods on the earth, what disappointments, what woes await her? Then how few comparatively are her resources? Man in the midst of his struggles, and plans of pride, pleasure, avarice and ambition, *may get along* without religious emotions and prospects. But woman, cut off in a great degree from the world of action and enterprise, in the quietude of her home, walking only beside the still waters, what shall fill with interest the slow passing hours? What shall disperse the gathering clouds of despondency? What shall quicken the dull stream of life? What shall clothe with cheerful eloquence the trees that wave over her dwelling? Where shall she go for excitement if she finds it not in communion with holy angels, Jesus and God? And then if that home is not happy; if disappointment is there, unkindness—if her full, bounding affections are driven back, troubled, embittered into her own bosom—if the tree of life that springs from the cold, hard soil of earth, to her is blighted—where shall she find peace and comfort if not in him, whose feet were washed with woman's tears? And how sad is the reflection that she, reeking with worldliness, will probably impart the first and most permanent tendencies to several immortal minds, and thus rob heaven of its jewels and God of his heritage.

And a religious woman can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth her. There are few agencies so powerful as that of a modest, determined, pious woman. Never is the sword of the spirit so sharp and penetrating as when wielded by her pure, gentle hands. Never is the armor of Godliness so triumphant as when it shines forth amid her loveliness. It is not in the nature or heart of man to withstand such appeals and influences. Satan felt the impression of Eve's *holy* loveliness. A religious wife and mother, can in most cases, make her husband, children, and home, what she wishes them to be. And if they all would do their duty the world would soon be regenerated. Its sins and its woes would be done away. But what a vast amount of female energy that might help forward its salvation is wasted, squandered and dissipated. O that they would awake from dreams of pleasure, fashion and display, to the glorious work there is for them to do! The *sons* of God would again shout for joy. Perhaps we have said more than becomes us, if so they will pardon us.

While death was rapidly approaching Mrs W., she was much distressed in regard to her future prospects, and earnestly requested her husband to explain to her particularly *the plan* of salvation. How sad and how strange! What singular ideas must have possessed her mind? Is it not sad that the mind at such a time, must be disturbed and oppressed with the cold, dim abstractions of Calvinism? That the soul when it most needs calm and collected energy, must waste its strength and tranquillity on such themes—while it is crying out for living bread, receives only stones and serpents? Is it not sad that the clouds of death must be made thicker and blacker by the miss of metaphysics? And what can these boasted doctrines do for their friends and advotates in the great conflicts and trials of existence? What can total depravity do for a dying man? Would you speak to the afflicted about the Trinity—to the sensual and sinful about election? Would you talk to a mother whose tears were falling on her dead child about the utter ruin of our nature? At such times there are few who think of their creeds. There is no power, consolation, hope to be derived from them. They are utterly impotent to lead us in peace and triumph through the troubled and trying scenes of mortality. All then go directly to Jesus, and hear his simple teachings, gracious words and promises, to God and rest under the wings of his father's providence. Plan of salvation! What good, could this suffering woman imagine, a definite conception of certain inexplicable arrangemens in the moral world, could do her? Did she suppose that knowledge could redeem her—that a plan could save her—that the correct perception of a doctrine would open to her the gates of heaven and place her on one of its thrones? Had she not been taught, that those only who have the spirit of Christ are his—will be where he is, behold and share his glory? But directness and simplicity will not satisfy many people. The intelligible application of means to the accomplishment of certain ends will not do. It is not enough that Jesus came into the world to remove by moral means its moral woes and maladies, by his character and truth to supply man's spiritual wants, and to act on and unfold his higher energies and sentiments. There must be a vast, shadowy, inexplicable plan, embracing in its ample, mystic folds, fate and free-will, man and God. Were it not for actual observation, nothing in the visible universe would be effected without the agency of an incomprehensible plan. The sublime simplicity that reigns through its systems would be scoffed at as unworthy the mighty Creator and Architect. Not a sun would rise except through the operation of a complicated plan. Not a flower would bloom except as the result of an imposing plan. To say it sprung forth from the fresh sod, through the genial influences of heaven's warmth, light and dews, would be deemed almost impious. The wisdom of man *is* foolishness with God. Still man will insist on subjecting the workings of God to the ideas of his wisdom. He is ever seeking after wisdom, something immense, profound, infinite. The stilling of earth's storms—the storms that are raging in human bosoms is not enough. They must have signs in the heavens. To feel the quickening and ennobling and sanctifying impulses and influences of the Savior's pure, tender, divine spirit—to see the lame walking and the dead rising, does not satisfy them. They must behold manna falling from the skies. Hence has risen the fiction of a plan of salvation. The production of moral results, by the direct application of moral means, to save men in accordance with the laws of his nature, by plain, appropriate agencies, will not answer. If Paul had been a Calvinist, we have not the least doubt, his preaching would have delighted the Greeks. It would have been as wise and profound as they could wish. This plan would have been perfectly to their taste. But as he was so unfortunate as to be a preacher of the *simple Gospel*, his erudite auditors were not satisfied. And then again this plan is exceedingly agreeable to carnal minds. It is much easier to go to heaven on the strength of a plan than through discipline, conflict and sanctification. It is said Unitarianism is an easy system. But if we desired an easy salvation we should either take the Calvinistic or the Universalist plan. We would either adopt that, which saves a part, by force of an eternal decree, hoping of course to get among the select number, or that, which in the same way saves the whole. Universalism is the Calvinistic net fully unfolded so as to catch all manner of fishes. But we must stop.

The following passage expresses the ardent feelings which induce so many to engage with gladness in missionary enterprises.

'It is now four weeks, since I first thought I loved the Lord my God. I see that I am connected with all my race, by ties too strong ever to be broken but by the destroyer; and that while I live, I am bound to employ every moment of time, and every talent, in promoting their highest good. But when I consider my present situation, and see how little influence I exert upon those around me, how little I have opportunity to do for that dear Savior, whose benevolence knew no bounds, I long to go away, —to make some *sacrifices*,—to carry the knowledge, so despised among ourselves, to those who will gladly receive the truth. When I look around the world, and see the millions living and dying in utter ignorance of that knowledge which would make their existence in this world so happy, so useful,—which would make them welcome death, as it opens the door leading to those joys of which man cannot conceive,—and think that it is all because the followers of him who went about doing good, not having where to lay his head, prefer their own ease,—my heart sickens at the thought, that I can ever be contented with such sloth; that I can refuse the glorious privilege, of spending my life in devotion to the great Redeemer's cause. And when I think of the awful responsibility connected with a Christian's hope, that Christ will demand so many souls at his hands at the judgment day, O I *dare not do it*. I cannot, no, I cannot think one soul will go to heaven, who has not delighted sufficiently in the character and love of Christ on earth, to urge others to love and adore him. Should such a soul get there, though as by fire, would it not feel *almost lonely* as it looked around and could not find one, with whom it had studied these mysteries on earth—not one it had led to the cross of Christ and persuaded to accept him? And is it not our duty, to go where we can persuade the *greatest number* of immortals to accept the blessedness provided by the sufferer upon the cross? Shall we not be happier in this world, in the consciousness of doing the will of God? Will not much more glory redound to Jehovah? Will not our crowns be brighter, and our harps sweeter in heaven? Most assuredly. Then it is my earnest desire, it shall be my great endeavor, to win the greatest possible number of souls to Jesus. Now what shall I do? Shall I stay here, and spend my time in endeavors to influence the few around me who will listen? or, shall I leave home and friends, and labor for those who have no one else to point out to them the way? When I read of the wants of our own land; when I hear the loud calls of the West, 'Come over and help us!' I do not feel satisfied to remain at home, and let the disciples of a corrupt religion step in and teach them what will be more degrading than their ignorance. And perhaps my going might influence others to go; then, with the blessing of God, what an untold amount of good might be done! Then, when I think of that country where Jesus lived and died,—of its degradation, and of the desire of many of its inhabitants for the knowledge we possess; and when I read of the female schools which have been continued for a few years, with fair prospects, but have been closed for want of teachers, O I long to be with them, to lead the benighted into the light! The field is white to the harvest, and *I would be a reaper!*'

VOICES OF THE NIGHT. By R. W. Longfellow.

An exquisite little book of poems, such as take the heart of young and old. Mr Longfellow is an old favorite, and this collection of his fine fugitives, which nevertheless have not been without a home in many hearts, cannot but be welcome. They come in such a tempting form too, as to print and paper, as makes them doubly grateful to the readers. The 'Voices of the Night,' are a series of sad but beautiful 'psalms of life,' which have appeared within the year past in the 'Knickerbocker,' and have been widely quoted and read. Their melancholy music melts, like drops of comfort, into the weary soul of sensibility; they identify themselves with our griefs and sing to our braver resolutions, inspiring us to act and to endure. These are followed by some of his earlier poems, written before the age of 19. We are glad to see them brought together. As the author says, 'they have led but a vagabond and precarious existence hitherto in the corners of newspapers,' and 'some of them have changed their names and gone abroad.' But we recognize well-known faces among them; and some of them have even school-boy associations with some of us; as for instance, 'The hymn of the Moravian Nuns, at the Consecration of Pulaski's banner.' The translations which succeed are admirable. They are from Dante, from Spanish poets, and from the German; specimens both of old and new, each in characteristic garb.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I have recently looked over the file of the Common School Journal for the current year, (published by Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb,) and I hardly know whether I have been more gratified by the profound practical wisdom which runs through every page, or surprised that a work of such sterling merit has received so little notice from the city papers. The whole subject of school education is discussed with uncommon ability by its Editor, Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education. He brings to its pages a thoroughness of investigation, depth of research, and fund of observation, which ought to be presented to the consideration of every school committee, teacher, and parent in the union. Though I was once Chairman of a School Committee for four years, and availed myself of the best information which could then be obtained on the subject, I am satisfied that the efficiency and value of my labors would have been quadrupled if I could have had this work—of 400, closely printed, large, 8vo pages, annually, which can be obtained for the small sum of one dollar. I would recommend it to the examination of every clergyman, school committee, teacher and parent, and every other person who is otherwise engaged in the subject of education, for it will be to them almost worth its weight in gold. S. Y.

BOY'S READING BOOK. By Mrs. Sigourney.

The multiplication of reading books during some years past has been excessive. The press sends forth a ceaseless succession; compiled and written by all sorts of people, old men and matrons, young men and maidens. It may be sport and profit to them—but it is none to parents. Nearly every season they are called upon to furnish their children with new books of high pretensions. Their patience and their purses are sorely tried by these importunate and incessant demands. They complain, and justly, of this ever recurring trouble and expense. It is not necessary. It is in no way useful. It is in many respects pernicious. It is an evil that can and must be removed. It is too bad that a set of worthless persons, utterly incompetent, should enrich themselves, by filching, in this manner, the earnings of the poor and industrious. We are glad that our board of education have turned their attention to the subject. We are confident they will finish the work they have begun, and that a set of books will be introduced into our schools, that will please and satisfy all concerned. It seems to be thought that most any one that will *condescend* to take the matter in hand, is capable of writing books fit for children. But this is a great mistake. Few things are more delicate and difficult than to write books that will please and improve them. It is easy to awaken their imagination, their lower sympathies, and love of excitement. It is easy to inflame their passionate affections, to pervert their simple taste, to vitiate their quick sensibilities. And these sad results, we fear are produced in some abundance. But gently to mingle the influence of our instructions with the purer tendencies, the holier instincts, emotions and desires of their nature, with the impressions of the beautiful and sublime universe, which to them is a living, divine, and glorious temple, with the inspirations of God who dwells in the young heart, is a duty that requires, for its faithful discharge, the highest culture and intelligence. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. Should we not address them with respect? Should we not approach, with reverence, those souls that have so recently issued from the bosom of the everlasting Father? They are in heaven. We have fallen from that high estate. We are struggling against the fierce winds and the rude streams of the world to regain it. We occasionally feel a fresh breeze from its gardens, breathe, for a moment, the fragrance that has wandered from its rosy bowers, catch a glimpse of the bright forms that revel there. But we have much to do before we can gain a permanent residence. But they *are* in it. In its mansions they live and move and have their being. They dwell in a region above us, on sunny, serene, joyous elevations. They hold free intercourse with the eternal fountain of truth, beauty and blessedness. How difficult for us to get within the current of their thoughts, feelings and sympathies. We do not understand them. We live in different spheres. Why then should we presume to teach them with a vulgar confidence? Why then should we deem the vicious, the rude, the unenlightened sufficient for these things? To educate, to develope the infant soul is the highest work consigned to human genius. Angels look with deep interest on its progress, and experience alternate joy and sadness. The holy task should be committed only, to the pure, the tender, the wise, the elevated, who are born of the spirit, of God. 'Cannot a better and a happier world than this be made of materials fit for the kingdom of heaven?' Society probably suffers less from want of instruction, than from a superabundance of poor and pernicious instruction. Books for children should be written by our best and most cultivated minds. And the time will yet come when it shall be thought a loftier effort to produce a book, efficient in the improvement of the young, than a treatise on metaphysics or astronomy. But it is said that individuals distinguished for the depth and intelligence of their mental faculties will shoot above the comprehension of children. But this is not necessarily the case. It may have been so in some instances. And the cause is, such persons have never given any serious attention to the subject—have never studied it as a science—have perhaps thought it beneath them. If they would sincerely, in the full exercise of their powers devote themselves to the business, their superiority would be as conspicuous here as in other matters. They are able to do all things, requiring the exercise of mind, more efficiently, more successfully. They can with more certainty, hit any mark at which they aim, whether to develope the laws that move the constellations, or those that touch the welfare and destiny of an immortal soul. They see all objects more clearly. Their conceptions are more definite and vivid—their words more simple, precise, expressive, penetrating. They walk every place in light and send a piercing glance through every subject. He who looks with intelligence on the revolutions of suns and systems, can, if he will, discourse best about the shells on the sea-shore, or the lilies of the field. He who can point out most clearly the sources of a nation's wealth can also those of an individual's. He who most thoroughly comprehends a general principle can best understand the particulars it embraces. Who can speak so truly and affectingly of the incidents and scenes of common life as those most gifted bards whose genius is as vast as the universe?

These thoughts were suggested by the book mentioned above from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney. We are glad she has set so good an example. We hope some of our other able and accomplished writers will do themselves the honor of following it. Whether it is adapted to the presens wants of our schools we shall leave to the Board of Education to determine. We see no cause why it is not well deserving such an appropriation. It is what we should have expected from its author. It is filled with pieces containing various pleasing and useful information, inculcating the noblest sentiments, expressed in simple and beautiful language. It is designed for boys, and should be in their hands. It may also be read with pleasure and advantage by others. At least we are conscious that the time occupied in looking it over was profitably spent. It may be found at the Book Stores in this city.

THE YOUTH'S SKETCH BOOK. Wm. Crosby and Co.

The reputation of this book is well established. It has had a great sale and it is probable the demand will continue and increase. It needs no commendation from us.

ROLLO'S TRAVELS. ROLLO'S CORRESPONDENCE.

These books are so popular that it is sufficient to mention their publication. Mr. Abbott's juvenile resources, are really marvellous and apparently inexhaustible. He is exerting a great and with little exception a good influence. He is touching the springs of those vast and developing energies that will continue to act long after the places that know him shall know him no more. Perhaps there is no writer of the age, who ought to be more prayerfully anxious to write nothing which, when dying, he would wish to blot out. We should much rejoice if he could find it in his conscience to blot out every trace and sprinkling of Calvinism in his late works. Of course we have nothing here to say in regard to those which are expressly theological. He seems incapable of making a book that will not both please and profit the young.

THE LECTURESS.

To understand the chapter, we give to day, from this little work, it is necessary to state that Marian, before her marriage, had been distinguished as a Lecturess. She was a staunch asserter and defender of female rights. These circumstances were exceedingly offensive to her husband's taste and feelings—but he loved her and strove to forget them. But she would not let him. The fierce and boisterous stream was stilled for a time—but ever ready to burst forth in unabated violence. Another lecturess, some months after their marriage, came into the city, and called on Marian. She at once agreed to attend her course. Her husband was deeply grieved. Every effort was made to prevent her. But she imagined her rights and dignity were questioned and encroached upon, and a reckless wilfulness was aroused within her. She went and the consequences are well told. They were afterward reconciled. The evil spirit however only slept, and was from time to time awakened in uncontrollable vehemence. She died at last, in poverty and wretchedness, forsaken, broken-hearted. The impression is left vivid and deep on the feelings, that a Lecturess is cautiously to be avoided. When a woman once breaks from her proper sphere, all the soft and beautiful elements of her nature are disturbed, deranged and perverted. She cannot be trusted. She is in a position of conflict with herself, the influences that would make her happy, and the destiny that would exalt her. She is miserable, and a source of it to all about her. Pass by on the other side. At least such is the lesson here taught, and by a lady. Sophia took a different course. She consulted her husband's wishes, and to a reasonable extent conformed to them. And *that* prevented them from becoming unreasonable. *She* lived in peace and happiness—not asserting proudly and declaiming furiously about woman's rights—but the gentle mistress of herself, her husband and her home. Medi-

tate, fair readers, on the two pictures—it may do some good.

For the Register and Observer.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Another year has slipt away, and its scenes are gone forever. Forever? Ay, forever. No No more opportunity in 1839 to do good or to avoid evil. Thus much farther the Lord has led us, to know what was in our hearts, whether we would keep his commandments or no. And whatever we have shown under this probation, is indelibly written in the book of God's remembrance. We cannot now alter a single line; yet it will be of service to look carefully over the year, and try to form an estimate of what is laid up against us or for us. *For* us! There is no credit side in God's account with us. Who will say that God owes anything to him? The very pride of believing it, the impiety of asserting it, would destroy all claim. We have nothing except by his gift; from him comes life itself, all the powers of life, and all the opportunities for their exercise. To him then is due every exertion which we make. And if all is due to him, how can we make him indebted to us by offering him any? But look back upon the past year. Have we given to him all that was his due? How many of the talents with which he entrusted us have we spent in the unhallowed service of Ambition? How many have we lavished upon our own gratification? How often have we suffered those trials which might have strengthened our virtue, how often have we delighted in them as opportunities of evil? How often have the brightest openings for a course of usefulness been neglected? As we meditate upon these things shame fills our hearts; and we are forced to confess that the year now drawing to a close will render a sad account against us. Our sins have been as numerous as the hours of life,—we are truly unprofitable servants, for we have not done that which our Lord commanded us to do. And now what shall we do? Year after year is rolling away, and the judgment is before us, to which we are ever approaching without the slightest pause. Who of us knows how far distant it is? Come, it must; and come it may before the few days which fill this year are full. Who of us is ready? Reader, are you? Can you meet the summons of death without a fear, trusting for redemption through Jesus alone? Or are you wholly unprepared, never having sought forgiveness, nor believed in Jesus as a Savior? Then let me entreat you no longer to delay. Despise not the goodness of Him who has so long borne with you, feeding you with his bounty and clothing you by his care whilst you, thankless and ungrateful, were breaking his laws. Count not the blood of Jesus an unholy thing, but reflect on his love stronger for you than the pangs of a cruel death, and let your heart melt with love toward him. If God sends prophet after prohpet, and delivers even Jesus his beloved Son to death to ransom your soul from death; if Jesus labored and suffered and bled and died to redeem it, is it not worth your attention? Or are you wiser than God, and do you know that your soul is worth nothing although he so much esteems it? Be no longer confined grovelling to earth and fettered by sin, but this day break your chains and be a freeman. Go humble yourself in prayer, confess your sins to your merciful Father and seek his pardon; then resolve that in his strength you will henceforth live in holiness before him. If you will do this, if you will steadily adhere to this resolution, and keep such a daily intercourse with God as shall preserve your heart aright, then when another year rolls round, if you are still here to witness its close, you will look back upon a year passed in the conscientious endeavor to perform your duty and will feel at peace within in belief that God will justify you by your faith. And if you are called from earth before the close of the year you will go to celebrate an endless year among the happy dwellers in the heavenly land.

E. N. P.

For the Register and Observer.

HOWARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The thirteenth anniversary of the Howard Sunday School was celebrated at the Pitts street Chapel on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th. The Chapel was crowded, and the occasion one of deep interest. The following 'Anniversary Hymn,' by R. W. Bayley, a teacher in the school, was read and sung together by the children of the school, at the opening of the exercises.

Here in this house of praise,
Let us our voices raise
To thee, our God;
On this returning day,
With soul-reviving ray,
We come the blessed way
To thine abode.

As little Samuel heard
The message of the Lord,
And did obey;
We hear the heavenly 'call'
Of Him, the Lord of all,
And come, both great and small,
Without delay.

Of old thy children came,
To see thy glorious name,
On Aaron's head;
So we, thy younger race,
That glorious symbol trace,
And come to seek thy grace;—
That blessing shed.

That as the Hebrew saw
The full, effulgent law,
Come from above;
So, joyfully, we see,
With reverence bow the knee,
And happy, happy be
All full of love.

We would obey thy will,
To be thy children still,
Our Father, Friend;
Thy goodness and thy love
A heavenly balm shall prove,
And raise our thoughts above,
Till time shall end.

O may we feel this day
We 're trav'ling on the way
That gives us peace;
On each successive year,
Wilt thou, O God, draw near,
As we assemble here,
And love increase.

A prayer was then offered by the Pastor of the Pitts street Chapel, Rev. R. C. Waterston. This was followed by a Report, embracing an historical sketch of the school, by the Superintendent, Mr E. Cobb. This sketch traced the history of this important institution, in connection with the Ministry at Large. The school was commenced in 1826, with a very small number of teachers and pupils, and has been gradually increasing through many struggles and difficulties, until it now numbers four hundred and fifty pupils, with fifty-five teachers, and is probably the largest and the best conducted Sunday school in the country.

After the Report had been read, an Address followed by the Rev. Samuel Barrett. This address was on the value and importance of moral and religious instruction to the young, and was characterised by strong appeals to the reason and feelings of the audience.

The subjoined Hymn, written for the occasion by the Rev. John Pierpont, was then read and sung together by the pupils with beautiful effect, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

Shall that old chamber* be forgot,
Where first the light divine
Shone on our infant Sunday school,
So pleasant, but lang syne?
'Twas pleasant, but lang syne, my friends,
'Twas pleasant, but lang syne,
We'll not forget that chamber where
We prayed and sung, lang syne.

Shall Friend street Chapel be forgot,
To which, in lengthening line,
When that old room was full, we marched,
In twenty-eight or nine?
O, that appears lang syne, my friends,
But, though it was lang syne,
We'll not forget the Chapel, where
We gathered, o' lang syne.

Shall our old Teachers be forgot,
Whose voice and look benign
First drew us to the Sabbath School,
And taught us there, lang syne?
O was not that lang syne, my friends,
O was it not lang syne?
But still we thank and bless them all,
For teaching us, lang syne.

Some of those voices death hath hushed,
And closed those kindly eyen,
That were so cheering to our hearts,
When we were sad, lang syne.
O was not that lang syne, my friends?
It was indeed lang syne;
And heavenly hymns those voices sing,
That sung with us, lang syne.

Our white-haired pastor,† should he soon
Earth's toils and joys resign,
Shall be remembered by us all,
For what he did lang syne.
O how he loved us all, my friends,
He loved us all, lang syne,
And great be his reward in heaven,
For loving us, lang syne.

Nor be our present friends forgot,
Who work the gospel mine,
Where Christ and his apostles dropped
The gems of truth, lang syne.
O that was lang, lang syne, my friends,
Yes, that was lang, lang syne,
But still those gems are just as bright,
As were they lang, lang syne.

O FATHER! with those gems, more rich
Than gold or silver fine,
Be all our spirits crowned, as were
Thy Son's and saints', lang syne.
They 've worn their crowns lang syne, O God,
They 've worn their crowns lang syne;
[illegible]
While serving thee, lang syne!

* An upper room in the circular building in Merrimack street.

† Rev. Dr Tuckerman.

Addresses succeeded by Messrs. Hayward, Babcock, Waterston and Gray. Another hymn followed, and the services were brought to a close by a fervent prayer and benediction by the former pastor of the Chapel, Mr Gray.

This occasion will long be remembered by pupils, parents, teachers and friends of this important and flourishing school. It will serve to deepen their impressions of the value of the work in which they are engaged, to awaken their sensibilities, to warm their hearts, and strengthen their hands. The children will long delight to recall the words of one of their teachers, Mr Hayward; and the Teachers will go to their work with renewed energies, as they contemplate its importance to themselves and the community as portrayed by their various friends who addressed them on this occasion. Those who were spectators of this interesting scene, parents and friends, must have resolved to give their aid in sustaining this school, as full of interest to the philanthropist, the patriot and the Christian.

CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

The Christian Monitor of Dec. 21st, contains the following notice.

'The Christian Monitor closes with the present number. The Proprietor has disposed of his interest in the publication to Mr Reed, the Proprietor of the Christian Register, to which paper he would recommend all his subscribers, who are not also subscribers to the Register, to transfer their patronage.'

The Publisher of the Christian Register, sends a copy of this number of his paper (and proposes to do so with the next number) to each of the subscribers to the Monitor, who are not already subscribers to the Register. In doing this, he hopes he shall not be regarded as impertinently pressing it upon their notice, or as *claiming* their subscriptions. He has done it for the purpose of making the Register known to those who have not been acquainted with it; and with the hope that many will consent to receive it as a substitute for the Monitor. The purpose and leading features of the two papers are the same, and the difference in price is much more than balanced by the proportionally greater amount of matter in the Register. It appears by an accurate comparison of the amount of reading matter in the two papers, that each number of the Register, contains more new reading matter, than two numbers of the Monitor; and therefore more *weekly* than the Monitor furnishes *monthly*, since the Monitor is published but twice a month. Yet the price of the Monitor is two fifths as much as that of the Register, and the postage half as much. The difficulty that has hitherto been found to exist in gaining a sufficient support for Unitarian periodicals renders it desirable that, as far as possible, the patronage of such works should be concentrated on a few. Several such periodicals have, within a few years, been commenced, published for a time and relinquished. The Christian Examiner, the Western Messenger, and the Monthly Miscellany, are the only works of this kind now published, besides the Register. These are pamphlets. The Register is the only Unitarian newspaper published in the United States, and yet its patronage after eighteen years of persevering effort, is far from sufficient to sustain an Editor and Publisher, without other resources.

The Readers of the Register may be assured that faithful efforts will continue to be made, to render it an entertaining and instructive publication, and it is hoped that the friends of its principles, both among its present readers, and the readers of the Monitor, will be disposed to aid the Publisher, in obtaining additional support for the ensuing year. The paper will be published hereafter on new type, of which the first columns both of the first and last pages of this week are specimens.

A further reference to the subject will be made, in the paper of next week.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE LATE MRS. JANE BARNARD, OF MEXICO, ME.

Observing in a late number an obituary notice of this worthy lady, a friend who was well acquainted with her merits, and who owes his life (under Providence) to her kind attentions and judicious treatment of a severe attack of Erysipelas, is induced to offer a slight and imperfect tribute to her memory. Nature had bestowed on the lamented subject of this notice a truly enviable temper and disposition, which extended its blessed influences to all her relations with society. Called, with her affectionate Partner in the earlier part of their residence at Mexico to endure severe privations and hardships. They were borne without murmuring, and with a cheerful reliance on the watchful care of Providence—enterprise, united with industry and economy, were rewarded as is usually the case, with success, and she passed her latter years surrounded by comforts, respected by the community and cheered by the pleasing reflection that her children were all useful members of society, respectably and favorably settled in life.

Mrs. B. might justly be viewed as a superior woman; reading was her chief resource, and she possessed a good collection of well chosen volumes. She was deeply impressed with the value of time, and many of those hours which are too often in the retirement of a country life, passed by vacant minds in listlessness or unnecessary sleep were by her occupied and improved in cultivating an acquaintance with the literature of the day, and in habitually and diligently perusing the sacred volume, with whose blessed truths she was perfectly familiar. Mrs. B. felt a lively interest in, and was well informed of, the various improvements and discoveries of later days. But the greatest source of her happiness was in her connubial relation, in this she was eminently blessed, and no words but those of love and kindness were uttered in her home. May that power which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" sustain her bereaved Partner, with the faith and hopes of the Christian.

'When such friends part 'tis the survivor dies.'

E. A. W.

(From the Peoria Register.)

MRS. SUSAN HUNTOON.

Died, at Peoria, Illinois, November 8th, Mrs. Susan Huntoon, wife of Rev. Benjamin Huntoon, aged 46. By this afflictive dispensation of Providence society has been stripped of one of its most valuable ornaments; a husband bereaved of a most amiable companion; and a family of young children deprived of a most affectionate and devoted mother. The good need no eulogium. Their lives are their best memorial. Their worth is recorded in the undying affections of those whom they have loved and blessed on earth, and their reward is in the imperishable bliss of heaven.

Mrs. H. was a daughter of Dea. Amos Pettengill, of Salisbury, N. H., and she was born August 10th, 1793. In early life she was remarkable for the amiableness of her disposition, the retired modesty of her deportment, and her ardent attachment to her parents and sisters, six of whom are left to mourn her death. By an assiduous improvement of the advantages of education afforded her in some of the most celebrated female seminaries of that day, her mind was well disciplined by the solid and useful branches of an English education, and her taste cultivated and refined by an attention to painting and belles-lettres. In addition to these accomplishments, she was early initiated, by a judicious mother, into the all-important mysteries of house keeping,—neatness, industry, order and frugality. It was then deemed, as it ever should be, an indispensable part of female education to be practically acquainted with the details of every domestic art. The most lady-like deportment is not inconsistent with domestic economy, and it is delightful to see such a union. It confers dignity upon the household establishment when the pantry and the drawing room are equally in order, and the mistress of the saloon is also governess of the kitchen. This union of intellectual and practical knowledge eminently qualified Mrs. H. for the arduous duties of the station she was called to fill in society and in the family circle. From the feeble state of her husband's health, she had frequently to take the whole management of her family; and here her discretion, economy and judiciousness, were most conspicuously exhibited. Those qualities which most endeared her to her relatives and friends, were of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, rather than the showy and the brilliant. The strongest feature in her character was calm, steady, decided perseverance. Whatever she undertook she accomplished, if within the compass of her ability. She never shrunk from the assigned path of duty, however arduous or painful. Difficulties only aroused her energies and invigorated her resolution. In the sphere of her accustomed responsibilities this trait of her character was often put to the severest test. Naturally sensitive and self-distrusting, to take a leading part in conversation cost her a great effort. She frequently lamented her want of conversational talents, and by unremitting exertion she so far overcame this constitutional deficiency, as to acquire an easy affability of manner, though she never attempted to shine in conversation. She instinctively shrunk from parade or ostentation, and found her highest enjoyment in retirement, in the bosom of her family, the seclusion of her own home. She was truly domestic, in the best sense of the term;—her heart was at home. Here she felt she was most useful, most contented, most happy. There, in the quiet routine of her appropriate duties,—in filial love, conjugal affection, maternal fidelity;—there in the unrecorded and numberless acts of meekness, patience and charity, she exhibited the worth of her Christian principles, and the strength and sincerity of her Christian faith.

In 1815 she united with the Unitarian church at Salisbury, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Worcester, during which year seventy persons were added to his church; and twenty-six of the number belonged to four families, of which her father's was one, all of whom were in infancy or childhood favored with parental and baptismal dedication to the Lord. All pretension and display were as foreign to her religious, as to her social and domestic character. With her, piety was not impulse,—no wayward fancy—no mere day-dream,—no occasional excitement; but a deep, calm conviction, pervading her whole soul,—an all-hallowed love, carrying up her affections to God, in humble reliance upon his mercy, and in grateful dependence upon his grace, for every temporal and every spiritual blessing. She avoided in herself, and she pitied in others, the exhibition of that conceited officiousness which seeks publicity,—wanders from house to house, feeling the religious pulse—descanting on the spiritual state of others—condemning their religious opinions—sitting in judgment on their hearts and consciences—and with pharisaical zeal endeavoring to make proselytes to a party, instead of converts to true religion. The Bible, and the Bible only was the chart of her life, and the infallible directory of her faith. She read it for herself, and she would not admit the claims or pretensions of any one, who presumed to obtrude between her and her heavenly Father, as the interpreter of His will to her understanding and conscience. Conscious of her own weakness, she rested on Almighty Strength; feeling her own wants, she fled to Infinite Sufficiency; and with unhesitating reliance, cast herself upon the "Grace of God, in Jesus Christ," for salvation. Her faith rested on the Rock of Ages, and its divine efficiency was proved by a modest, unremitted fulfilment of duty—a dignified tranquillity amidst the vicissitudes of life—serene composure under the bereavements of mortality—a patient endurance of the most protracted and excruciating suffering—a cordial resignation to the will of God—and a happy and triumphant death.

Such a faith is rich in the most ennobling sentiments, the purest feelings, the highest motives, the most salutary restraints, the sweetest consolations, and the most glorious hopes. It bears on its angel wings the disembodied spirit, calmly, joyfully and triumphantly, to the bosom of its God, to unite itself forever to its Parent fountain, and participate in its immortal love, its everlasting joy. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea saith the spirit; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Died, in Hadley, October 14th Miss Mary D. Huntington aged 24, daughter of Rev. D. Huntington.

In noticing the death of a young person, so interesting and so amiable, as Miss Huntington, we experience feelings of the most sacred nature; and when we venture a passing tribute to her memory, it is not with a view to suggest new matter of consolation to those who are most immediately the subject of this bereavement.

It is believed that their religion, and a firm belief in a future and more enduring state, are better aids to support frail mortality under this affliction, than a detail of the merits and virtues of the deceased; or a dissertation upon the genteeness of her private character, paraded before the public.

On this subject, it is enough to say, that her unaffected piety, be modest mein, and her retiring merits, have given her a high place in the affection and esteem of her acquaintances, and impressed them with a vivid sense of the grievousness of this stroke, to her parents, brothers and sisters.—*Hampton Gaz.*

CONGRESS.

Senate.—In the Senate with the exception of some Executive business, little has been done, in consequence of the unorganised state of the House.

Our last week's account of the doings of the Representatives east, in Congress, embraced Saturday the 14th.

On Monday after reading the Journal of proceedings, the meeting proceeded to ballot for a speaker.

Ten unsuccessful ballots were taken.—On the eleventh ballot, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia, was elected to the office of Speaker.

The following was the result of the eleventh ballot:—

For R. M. T. Hunter,	119
John W. Jones,	35
George McKeim,	24
Zadock Casey,	24
Francis W. Pickens,	9
Scattering,	15

On Tuesday, 19th at noon the speaker of the House (the Hon R. M. T. Hunter) took the Chair and called the House to order; after which, he rose and addressed the House as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives; The high and undeserved honor which you have conferred upon me has been so unexpected, that even now I can scarcely find terms in which to express my grateful sense of your kindness. I trust, however, to be able to offer a better evidence of that sentiment in the earnest efforts which I shall make to discharge my duties justly and impartially. Called as I have been to this high station, not so much from any merits of my own as from the independence of my position, I shall feel it as especially due from me to you, to preside as Speaker, not of a party, but of the House. Whilst I shall deem it my duty on all proper occasions to sustain the principles upon which I stand pledged before the country, I shall hold myself bound at the same time to afford every facility within my power to the full and free expression of the wishes and sentiments of every section of the great Confederacy.

You will doubtless deem it your duty, gentlemen, as the grand inquest of the nation, to investigate all matters of which the People ought to be informed; to retrench expenditures which are unnecessary or unconstitutional; to maintain the just relations between all the great interests of the country; and to preserve inviolate the Constitution which you will be sworn to support; whilst it will be mine to aid you in such labors with all the means within my power. And although deeply impressed with a painful sense of my inexperience and of the difficulties of a new and untried station, I am yet cheered by the hope that you will sustain me in my efforts to preserve the order of business and the decorum of debate.

I am aware that party fervor is occasionally impatient of the restraint which it is the duty of the Chair to impose upon the asperity of debate, but at the same time I know that the just of all parties will sustain the Speaker who is honestly endeavoring to preserve the dignity of the House and the harmony of its members.

Permit me, in conclusion, gentlemen, to tender you the homage of my heartfelt thanks for the honor which you have conferred upon me, and to express the hope that your councils may be so guided by wisdom as to redound to your own reputation and the welfare of our common country.

The whole number of votes, it appears, was 232; 117 being necessary for a choice, and Mr Hunter having 119 was elected.

When the result was declared, there was a burst of applause from the galleries, which was immediately checked. Mr Hunter was conducted to the Chair, where he was congratulated by the Chairman (Mr Adams) who gave him his place. An address was expected, but Mr. Hunter was too much overcome by the honor so unexpectedly conferred upon him, to say any thing. He silently bowed to the House, and his embarrassment was then relieved by a motion of Mr Wise that the House now adjourn, which was carried.

After the delivery of this speech the house proceeded to business. The roll having been called the members came up to take the oath or affirmation. The New Jersey members were passed over till the last, and when they came up, the speaker stated that had the question risen *de novo*, he should not hesitate, but as it had already been discussed, he should leave it to the House.

Here arose the old discussion over again, during which the evidence on both sides relative to the election was read.

The day was spent till near sunset, when the House adjourned. Mr Hunter as speaker, pleased all parties it is said by his gentlemanly bearing, firmness, and mild demeanor.

Thursday was spent in the discussion of the N. Jersey question. Mr Adams moved the adjournment, and was to address the House on Friday morning.

On Friday 19th in the House after a discussion on some points of order Mr Adams, as was expected, addressed the House at some length, not on the point that the previous question was not in order, but that neither that nor any other question could be decided until a House of Representatives had been formed by the swearing in of *all* the members appearing and producing regular legal credentials.

After various proceedings, Mr Evans, of Maine, obtained the floor, and offered a resolution:

On which he spoke until about half past five o'clock.

Mr Evans's Resolution, as finally modified, read thus:

Resolved,—That the Representatives of the 26th Congress of the United States now present do advise and request the Speaker to administer the oath required by law to the five gentlemen from the State of New Jersey who have presented credentials to the Speaker and demand to be sworn.

The previous question was moved, and the result of the votes was, Yeas 112. Nays 116. So the resolution was rejected, and consequently the Five New Jersey members are refused their seats in the House.

Some discussions took place in regard to rules for the government of the House; but nothing was settled before the House adjourned.

Organization of the House.—On Saturday, the House was finally organized by the temporary adoption of the Rules of the last Congress—by the appointment of Mr Garland as Clerk, and Mr Dorsey, as Sergeant at Arms; and the house adjourned till Monday. On Monday, the President's Message was received by the two Houses. A brief abstract of it will be given in our next.

INTELLIGENCE.

The late Storm.—The bodies of eleven of the sufferers by the late storm, were buried from the Unitarian Church, in Gloucester, on Sunday last. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr Waite. The procession which followed the bodies to the grave was by far the longest ever seen in Gloucester.

The bodies of a large number of the sufferers still remain buried in the deep.—*Salem Gazette.*

The Salem Gazette says; 'We learn that the Banks in Boston have united in offering to the Philadelphia Banks such indulgences in the time and manner of paying balances due, as will greatly facilitate the resumption of specie payments in Philadelphia, if the banks in that city are otherwise in a condition to redeem their promises to pay.

The Great Snow Storm.—The Northampton Courier says, the storm of the 10th inst. will be characterised as the great snow storm of New England. During the Sabbath day and evening, the snow fell in immense quantities; its depth rendered locomotion almost impossible. The deep embankments extended even to the second story of houses.

Ipswich Railroad.—The Eastern Railroad is now extended to Ipswich. The rates of fare from Ipswich to Boston are as follows, from Ipswich to Boston 87 1-2 cents, to Salem 37 1-2 cents, Wenham 31 cents, Lynn 56.

John Lander, one of the celebrated travellers in Africa, died in London, Nov. 16. He was the brother and companion of Richard Lander in his last fatal African expedition. He was in his 33d year, and died of a complaint of the chest, originally induced by exposure to the climate of Africa.—*Courier.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The Sunday school connected with the South Congregational Society will celebrate their anniversary tomorrow afternoon, (Sunday Dec. 29th) at the usual hour of divine service, at the Rev. Mr. Motte's church. Address by the Rev. Mr. Mott. Friends of the Sunday school institution are invited to attend.

MARRIAGES.

In East Lexington, on the 23d inst., by Rev. Doctor Follen, Mr Stillman L. Lothrop, to Miss Abby Robbins, daughter of Eli Robbins, Esq.

DEATHS.

In Uxbridge, on the 17th Dec., after a short illness, of Lung Fever, Mr Jonathan Whipple, 87.

In Mansfield, (Sunday, Dec. 22d,) Mrs Abigail Newcomb, 72, relict of Mr Rufus Newcomb.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received from London by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street—Donne's Work, with a Memoir of his Life, by Henry Alford M. A. 6 vols, 8vo—Bartlett's Memoirs of Bishop Butler, 8vo—Burnett on the Power, Wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the Animal Creation, with plates—Maggilliway's British Birds, 2 vols. 8vo—Bell's History of British Quadrupeds, 8vo—Supplement to Yarrell's History of British Fishes—Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence, 4 vols—The Sperm Whale and South Sea Voyage, by Thos. Beale—The Wrongs of the Animal World, by David Musket, Esq. 8vo—General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, by T. R. Jones, F. L. S.—Waterton's Essays on Natural History—Walker on Intermarriage, 1 vol—Grant's Chancery Questions and Answers—Hemans's Life and Works, 6 vols—Talbot's Faust 8vo—Dunham's History of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, 2 vols—Geology, by J. Philips, F. R. S.—History of England, continued from the late James Mackintosh, vol. 9—Biography of Eminent British Statesmen, by John Forster, Esq. vol. 7—Swainson's Natural History of Fishes, Amphibians and Reptiles, vol. 2—Literary and Scientific Men of France, vol 2, Daguire's History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true principles of the Daguerreotype, translated from the original by I. S. Memes, L. L. D.—the Literary Character or the History of Men of Genius, by D'Israeli—a General System of Gardening and Botany, by Geo. Dow, F. L. S., 4to—Treatise on Wood Engraving, illustrations by Jackson—Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, edited by J. Forbes, M. D., A. Tweedie M D., and John Conelly, M. D., 4 vols, 8vo—the Florist's Magazine, by F. W. Smith, 8vo—Pohlman on Chess, 8vo—Boswell's Life of Johnson, 10 vols—Bridge's edition of Milton, with illustrations by Turner—Paul and Virginia, 330 illustrations, 8vo—Higgins's Philosophy of Sound, and history of Music—the Groom's Oracle and pocket Stable Directory, by John Hinds—Natural History of Cage Birds, by J. M. Beckstein M. D.—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 2 vols, 18mo—Burns's Poems, 3 vols,—Lamb's Dramatic Poets, 2 vols—Best's Art of Angling, &c. dec. 28.

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'The author's purpose, in this volume, has been, in the first place, to offer a brief summary of the Unitarian Belief; in the next place, to lay down the essential principles of all religious faith; thirdly, to state and defend our construction, as it is generally held among us, of the Christian doctrines; fourthly, to illustrate, by analogy, our views of practical religion; and finally, in two closing discourses, to discuss the true proportion and harmony of the Christian Character.'

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